the jeſt may remaine after the wearing ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd jeſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*

A ſaile, a ſaile.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nurſe. Peter.

Peter. Anon.

Nurſ. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now upon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to marre quoth a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may finde the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than hee was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well tooke i faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, unleſſe a hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir what ſaucie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie.

Ro. A Gentleman Nurſe that loves to heare himſelfe talk, and will ſpeake more in a minute than he will ſtand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, I'le take him down, and a were luſtier than hee is, and twenty ſuch Jackes: and if I cannot, I'le finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcurvie Knave, I am none of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his ſkaines mates: and thou muſt

 ſtand